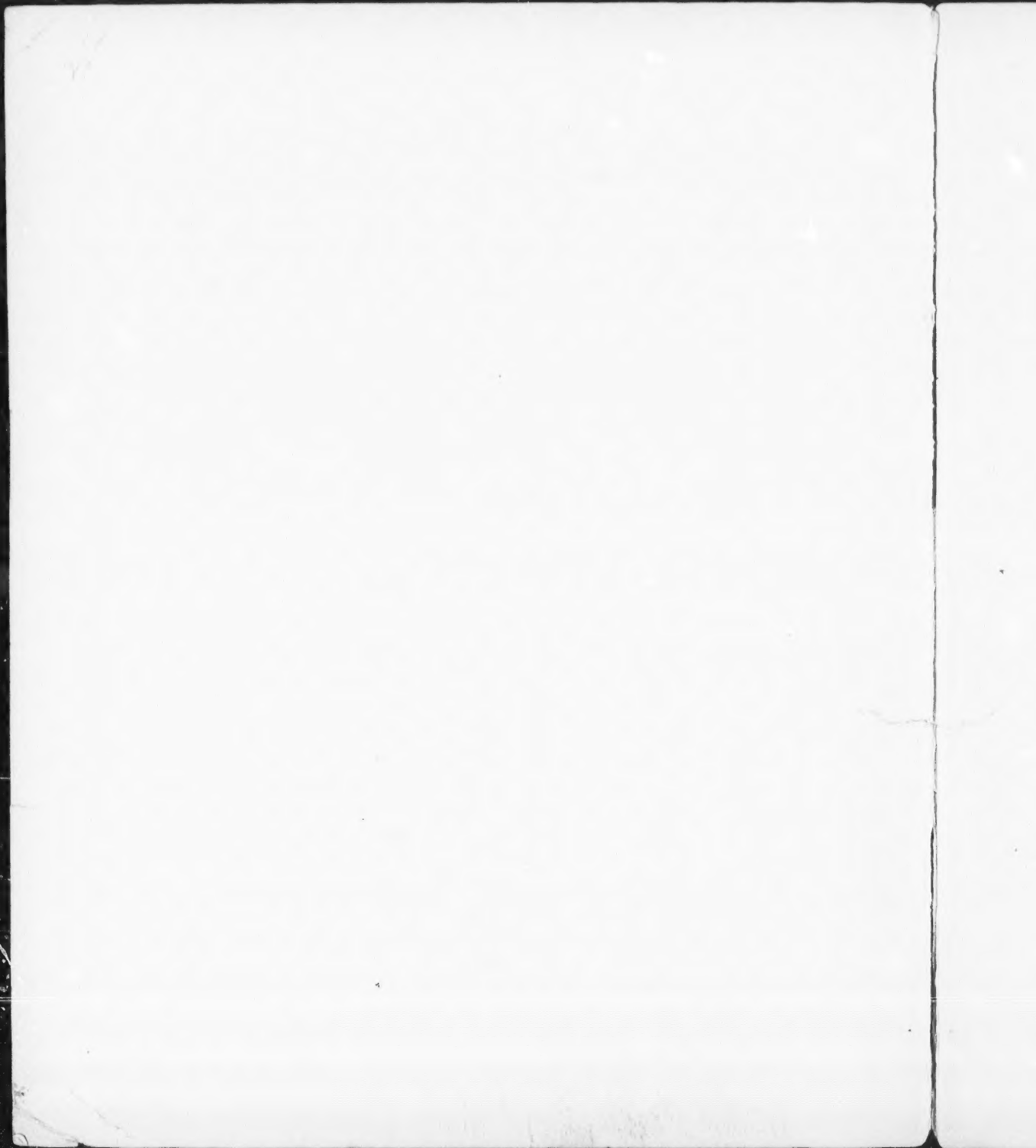


THE RUNAWAY LOVERS

By **PALMER COX**
AUTHOR OF **THE BROWNIES**





THE
Runaway Lovers

AND THE
Humorous Pranks of Other Very
QUEER PEOPLE

WITH
MANY VIEWS FROM REAL LIFE

Both Stories and Pictures

BY PALMER COX

Author of The Brownies

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THE RUNAWAY LOVERS.

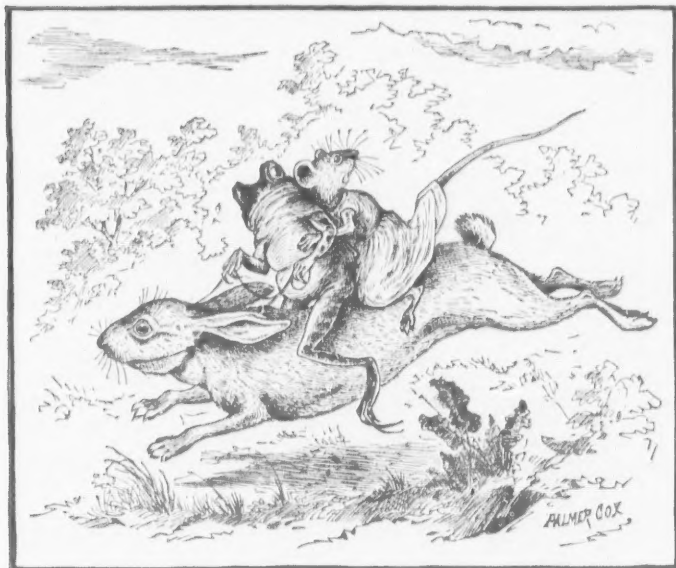
UPON their way, through country green,
A loving pair may now be seen,
The steed is fleet whereon they ride,
He knows the section, far and wide,
The woods that frown, the streams that flow
The mountains steep and valleys low.
He knows where fallen timbers lie
Across the creek, now foaming high.
He knows where branching cedars grow
And hide the path that winds below.
No knight of ancient chivalry
E'er rode a surer steed than he.
No spavined foot, no foundered knee,
But sound as apple on the tree.

The meadows wide they quickly cross,
The pastures bare, the banks of moss,
The rocks and woods they leave behind
For *Union* now is in their mind.
"A strange affinity," you cry;
"I think the same as you, and sigh.
But who can fathom love affairs,
Or who account for ill-matched pairs?"

Enough, a blessing we'll bestow,
And watch them as away they go.
No angry kindred need pursue,
Nor alter wills, or mischief brew.



The loss of friends or rich estate
Will not make her forsake her mate;
Nor threats of punishment or pain
Cause him to turn or draw the rein;
So those who may object or rave
May calm their minds and language save.



The wondering crowds may shut the door,
And close the blind and sash once more;
The gossip ring may leave the fire
And to the bed again retire,
For miles will shortly intervene
And hearts be joined at Gretna Green.



A BACK-YARD PARTY.

NE evening bright there was a sight
That should recorded be.
All gazed in wonder—well they might—
Such funny things to see.

A neighbor's yard is smooth and hard,
And through the block extends,
And there, came lively rats and mice,
With town and country friends.

It may have been a wedding scene
They celebrated there,
A birthday party, or *soiree*,
Enjoyed in open air.



But this is plain, whatever train
Had brought the rogues that way,
From loft and lane and bins of grain,
A jovial troop were they.



The household cat, so sleek and fat,
Is by the servants fed,
And only leaves the rug or mat
To find her cream and bread.

So nought was there to harm or scare
The lively groups below
That danced and played in light and shade,
Or rambled to and fro.



No slaves were they to fashion's sway,
 With all its outs and ins:
 For some wore gauze or summer straws,
 While others dressed in skins.



Beside the gate, upon a crate
 That once held earthen ware,
 An old musician, throned in state,
 Gave many a pleasing air.
 He scraped and paw'd and chopped and saw'd,
 But never seemed to tire

Though oft his bow would run as though
To set the strings on fire;

While at his side, in pomp and pride,
A knowing mouse was stalled,
And while the sets he sharply eyed,
The mazy dance he called:

"To partners bow the first, and now
To those on either side,
Across and back, the lady swing,
Now balance all!" he cried.

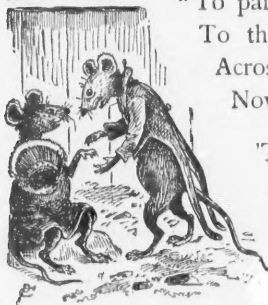
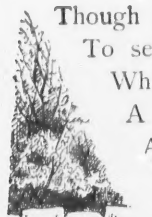
'Twas charming fun to see them run,
And curtsey, bow, and wheel,
Or slip and slide and trip and glide
Through some plantation reel.

The smallest mouse about the house,

And most destructive rat,
Danced half an hour
with grace and power—
An Irish jig at that;

Upon a pan the dance began,
And round the yard they pass'd,
But dancing still for life, until
The rat gave out at last.

The Highland fling
and pigeon-wing,
The polka and quadrille;



The waltz and schottish—
everything—
Was found upon the bill.

The latest dance
that came from France,
From Germany or Spain,
The most delightful hop or prance,
Their programme did contain.

And people who could gain a view
Of either jig or reel
Would hardly grudge
the lively crew
A little corn or meal.



The moon was high and morning nigh, Before they quit their play, To shake their paws and say "Good- bye," And pass in pairs away.		And when again they're in the vein To pass a night in fun, May we be nigh the window pane Until the sport is done.
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THE FAIRIES' GIFT.



WHEN the Kidderminster Fairies
heard the rumor going round,
How the young and favor'd Forester,
who guarded game and ground,
Was to wed the Florist's daughter,
one as good as she was fair,



They resolved to make a wedding-gift befitting such a pair.
Soon the golden day of promise came, which saw the couple wed,
When the solemn vows were spoken and the Parson's blessing said.

Lol that night the
from the East,
From the North and
to some land the



Fairies gathered
and from the West;
South they hastened
youth possess'd.

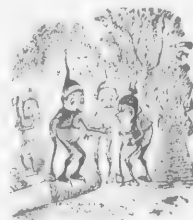
Over mountains,
through the fields

over rivers,
and forests green,

Still they mustered by the hundred, at the summons of the Queen.
Every trade was represented, all the occupations through,
From the man who planned a building to the one who pegged a shoe,
And they set to work in earnest, throwing jackets all aside.
To erect a stately mansion for the husband and his bride.

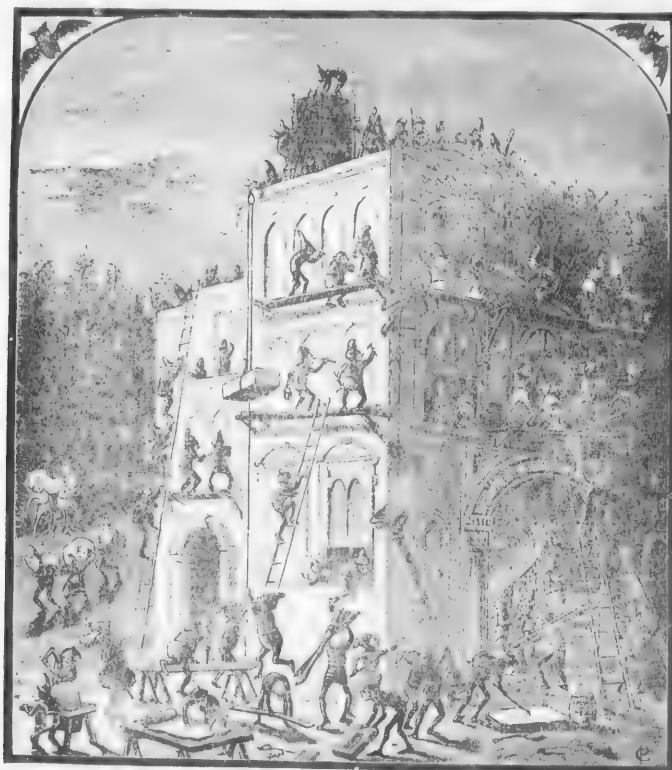
'Twas a mighty undertaking,
of such magnitude indeed,
Nothing else but Fairy workmen
could with such a task succeed.

There they bustled without resting,
as though life itself was bet,
Till their little hands were blistered
and their garments wringing wet,



How they sawed, and bored, and "boosted up" the timbers, through
the night,

How they hammered, hammered, hammered, to get done ere
 morning light;
 For the Fairies who from labor by the dapple dawn are chased,
 While their work is yet unfinished, are forevermore disgraced.



Oh, what harmony existed!
 Not an oath or harsh expres-

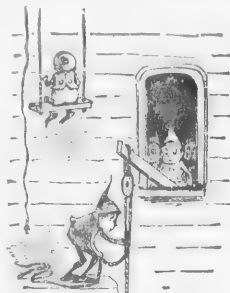


Not a breath was wasted there,
 sion fell like poison on the air.

Here the blacksmith and his helper made the solid anvil sound
While they forged the bolts and braces that secured the structure round.
There the mason with his trowel kept the hod-men moving spry,
Till the massive chimney tower'd twenty cubits to the sky,
And the painters followed after with their ladders and their pails



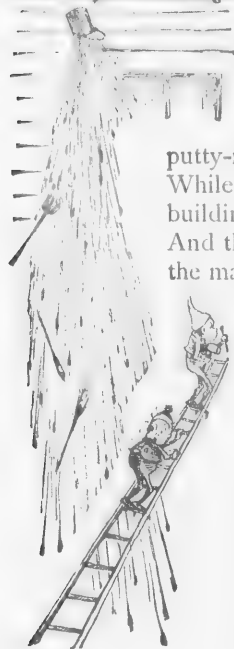
Spreading paint upon
the finish ere the
joiner drove his nails.
Even cobblers with
their pincers, and
their awls and pegs
of wood, Were as-
sisting in the enter-
prise by pegging as
they could. There
the glazier with his



putty-roll was working with a will,
While the plumber plumbed the
building, without sending in his bill;
And the sculptor with his mallet by
the marble lintel stood, Till he chis-
eled the inscription:

A REWARD
FOR BEING GOOD.

When no article was
wanting for the com-
fort of the pair, From
the scraper at the en-
trance to the rods
upon the stair, Then
the wizened little
millionaires, possess-
ed of wealth untold.



Into treasure-vaults, and coffers many rich donations roll'd;
And before the East was purpled by the arrows of the sun
All the Fairies had departed, for the edifice was done.

So that couple took possession,
and in all the country round

There was none enjoyed such riches,
or such happiness profound.
There they lived for years in comfort,
and then followed next of kin,
Till a dozen generations in succession
lived therein.

Many walls since then have tumbled,
in the dust lie stones and lime,
But that mansion, built by Fairies,
still defies the teeth of Time.
Winds may howl around its gable,
snow may settle on its roof,
Rain may patter, hail may batter,
but it towers weather-proof.

Gone are not the days of Fairies,
let folk tell you what they will,
In the moonlight they assemble
to perform their wonders still.
So be careful, oh, be cautious,
what you say, or think, or do,
For the Fairies may be waiting
to erect a house for you.



A NIGHT ALARM



NOW what's the hubbub? what's the go?

There's something in the well below;

I hear it
splashing
round.

It's not a frog, a hen, or cat,
But something larger yet than that;
It weighs an
hundred
pound.

It sinks at times, but rises still,
Then splashes, like a water-mill,
And makes a
grunting
sound.

Come bring a lantern, bring a line,
For something's in this well of mine,
And something
stout and
big.

Now hold the light and let us see
The object plainly; mercy me!
It's widow
Murphy's
pig!



KING CAULIFLOWER.



OLD Cauliflower was a king
 who ruled o'er land and sea;
 He took a penny from the till
 of his great treasury,
 And with the money in his hand,
 he ran about the town,

To make a purchase of a pint of pea-nuts roasted brown.



The king was not,
 as monarchs go,
 decidedly severe,
 But, in financial matters,
 he, perhaps,
 was rather near.
 He haggled with
 old women
 at the corner of the square,
 Then found a dark Italian,
 who did stammer
 and did stare.

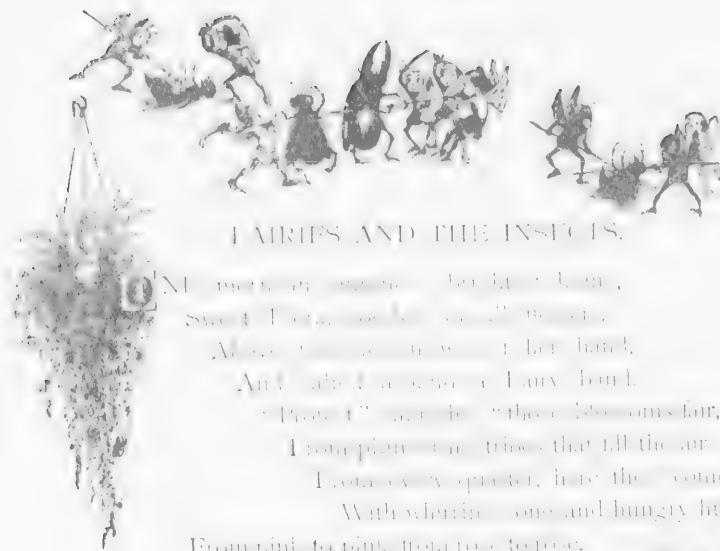
The monarch overawed him,
 with his flowing
 ermine gown,

His gold-enameled sceptre, and his diamond-studded crown;
 So he took the proffered penny, at a sacrifice, no doubt,
 And, afraid of royal anger, the pea-nuts measured out.

And when he brought them to his room it was the king's intent,
To eat the pea-nuts in the bed before to sleep he went.
To this the queen objection made, and very well she might,
For he was well along in years, and late it was at night;
Then said the crabbed Cauliflower: "Am I not a king?
And may I not do what I please, and swallow anything?
O, have a care, my queenly dame, my wish is law, you know,
And, if I do but say the word, your saucy head may go!"



Then quick the fearless queen replied: "Go, frighten slave or fool,
But I would have you understand that here 'tis I who rule;
So take your pea-nuts somewhere else, and may they cost you dear,
For, were you fifty times a king, you'll not be munching here!"
Then, out upon the steps of stone, in silence sat his grace,
And ate the pint of roasted nuts before he left the place.

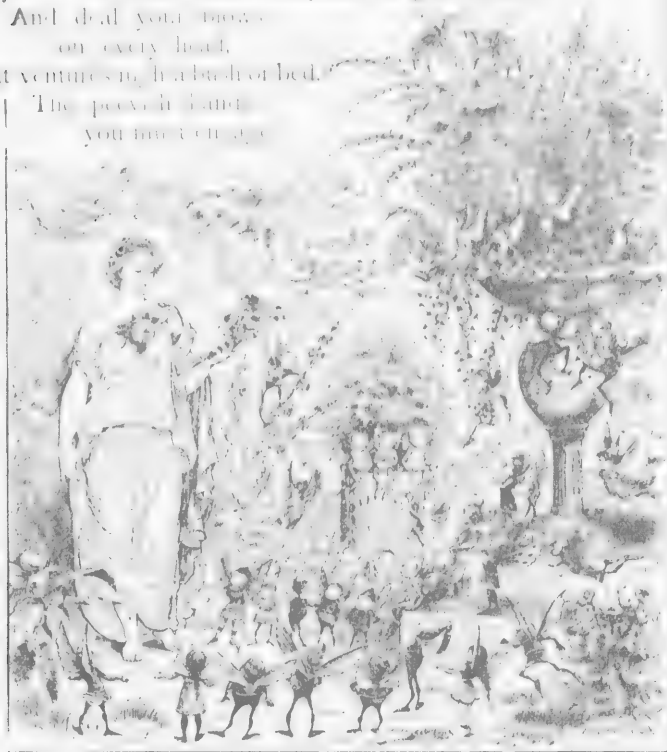


FAIRIES AND THE INSECTS.

ONE more in nature's beautiful train,
 Sweet Fairy, make us all thy train;
 Above the garden walk thy hand,
 And take the garden's Fairy hand.
 "From the flowers, from the leaves, from the air,
 From every creature that fills the air,
 From every creature, here they come,
 With whistling, humming and hungry hum.
 From pink to pink, from rose to rose,
 The busy bee, away and goes;
 The beetle on the cressets falls,
 And in the bell the caterpillar crawls.
 We might overlook the sandy host,
 Whose knees of moss are bent at most;
 And butterflies in many a place,
 Who no defensive weapon bear,
 But, by their action, none the less,
 They are examples for the rest;
 So all alike must feel the smart,
 Of severed head or bleeding heart.



Around the opening blossoms stand,
 With ready weapons in your hand;
 And deal your blows
 on every head,
 That ventures nigh a bush or bed.
 The peevish land
 you must defend.



Are nothing slow a war to wage;
 They'll shower dangers thick and fast,
 And test your mettle to the last.
 Beware the emmet's poison breath,
 And beetles' arms that hug to death.

And in the fight, I charge you well,
 Beware the bee, as hornet tell,
 For swift and vicious thrusts they deal,
 That soon can make the bravest reel."



According to her strict command,
 With ready weapons, stood the band,
 Around the flowers, and hurled the thieves,
 By thousands, from the trembling leaves.

As day advanced, and up the sky
 The sun was rolling, hot and high;
 The insects, thick and thicker flew,
 And fiercer still the battle grew.

The hornets fell with broken stings,
 With crippled legs and tattered wings;
 The beetles tumbled round the beds,
 With aching backs and dizzy heads;



While emmets, maddened by the blows,
 Attacked, alike, their friends and foes;
 And thus, unceasing, raged the fight,
 Till closed around the shades of night.

Then baffled bees fled in dismay,
 The hornets dragged themselves away;

The beetles crept to mossy walls,
The ants retired to earthen halls,



And then the bat of evening rose,
To guard the flowers through sweet repose.

LISTENING TO THE ROOSTER CROW.

"**T**HOUGH the night be dark or clear,
Or the ground be white with snow;
Still I love to listen here
To the Rooster's lusty crow.



"Oh, the thrush may chant her hymn,
With a voice so sweet and rare;
Or the robin from the limb,
Fill with melody the air.

"Oh, the nightingale may cheer,
And the lark its power show;
But all are sweet to mine ear,
Is the Rooster's rousing crow.

"Ah, the day for the rogue
That he may behold at night;
And the cat on the door
To see him reach to-night.

"Oh, when there among the hens,
I would find him with a hurry;
And when in the frozen fields,
Would escort him in a hurry.



"But the time may come around,
When the farmer may forget
To securely shut the door,
And reward my patience yet.

"So let skies be dark or bright,
Let the snow conceal the crest,

Of the hill, or mountain height,
And the blizzard do its best.



While I have a heart to beat,
And a foot to come and go,
Here I'll listen in my seat
To the Rooster's lusty crow."

THE ELEPHANT AND DONKEY



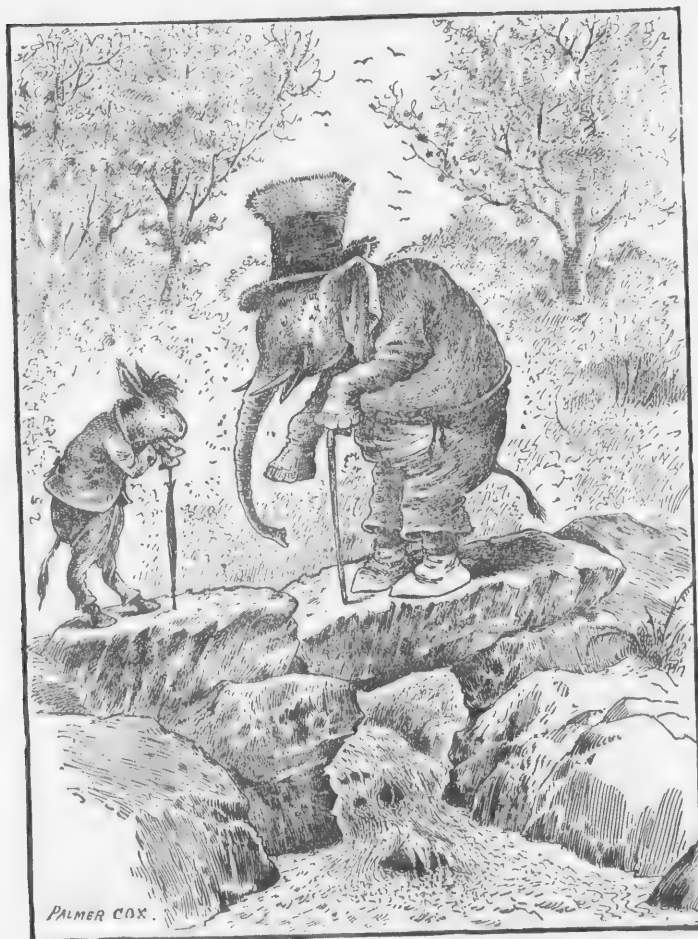
HERE every step required care
Once met by chance a rural pair,
A Donkey with assurance filled,
And Elephant of heavy build.

The latter said, with manners kind,
"Here one alone can footing find,
So let us choose the safest scheme
And singly cross the brawling stream.
You're nearest to the shore you see
And should, I think, give way to me.
When I have cross'd the dangerous place
Then you can soon resume your pace."

"Not so," the Donkey quick replied,
Who, blinded by his silly pride,
Mistook the traveler's civil air
For evidence of craven fear;
And thus went on with haughty tone,
"My time is precious as your own,
And here I'll stand throughout the day
Upon my rights, let come what may."

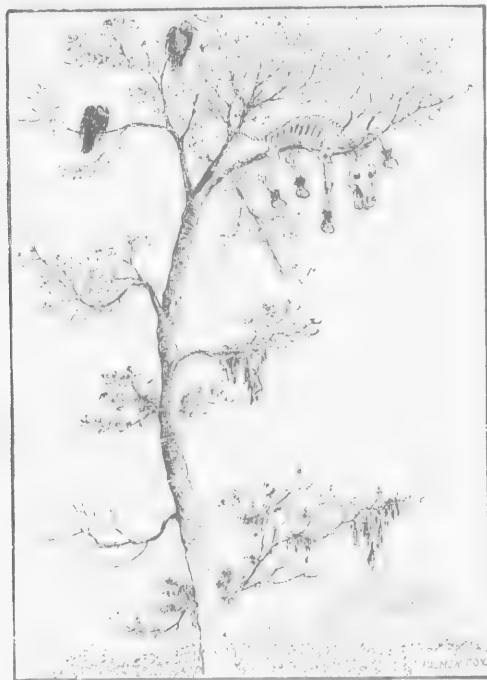


Now, angered at conceit so great,
The Elephant cut short debate



He gazed a moment in surprise,
And cried, with fire in his eyes,

"Then mark how soon your foolish pride
Will bring reward!" He made a stride,
And reaching out his trunk, he gave
The Donkey such an upward wave,

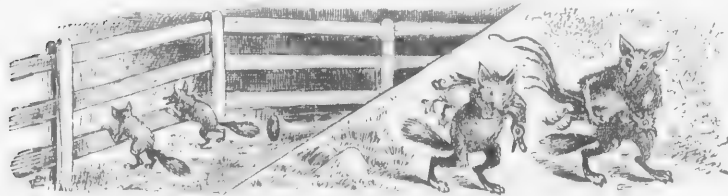


High over head, through air he passed,
Until some branches held him fast;
And people passing by may see
His bones, still hanging in the tree.

DIVIDING THE GAME.



TWO foxes sly, of sharpest sight,
Set out to hunt one summer night,
Across the hills, around the swales,
And through the barnyard's gates and rails,
They traveled free, and traveled far,
Beneath the light of moon and star.

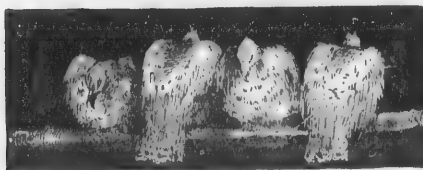


And then, as dawn of morning came,
It found the rogues dividing game.
One fox had bagged a rooster stout
That seven years, or thereabout,
Had sat above the rattling horn
Of stabled cows, and hailed the morn.
One caught a duck of Russian line,
Of heavy build and feather fine,
And both at once, with even leap,
Had nabbed a snipe while fast asleep.
No easy job it seemed to be,
Between the two, to halve the three.
One claimed the rooster, one the duck,
But still the snipe was there to pluck.

And each one thought it was but fair
To add the dodger to his share.
So there they sat, till day was ripe,
Disputing who should have the snipe.



Each quoting Law to back his claim,
Like lawyers in pursuit of game.
At last, a hunter passing by
Upon the robbers set his eye,
And with his double barrel true,
Soon rid the country of the two.



THE TURKEY IN DANGER

WHILE turkeys roosted on a fence,

A fox approached with care

And soon

within

her basket

lay

The largest

gobbler

there.

Then,

as

the Christmas

times

were nigh,

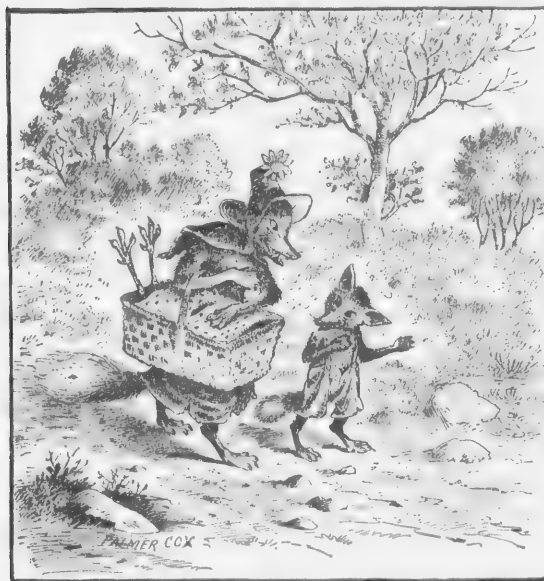
The fox

went

off

in

glee;



Her youngster trotting by her side,

The smallest one of three.

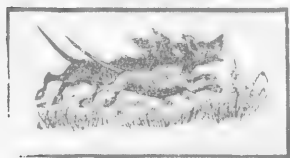
It made with her that early start
To exercise and run,
To take some lessons in the art,
And learn how work was done.

"You're growing old," the youngster said,
"I saw you limp, to-day;
But when you're huntin', game, I see,
You've not forgot the way."

" 'Tis true," she said, "or late I've had
Rheumatics in my toe;
But I'll not take the second place
To any fox I know."

"There may be some with quicker ear,
With sharper sight another;
But there's not one can beat a hound
As nicely as your mother."

"I've often heard your father say,
When I was young and free,
He never saw a fox could clear
A panel fence like me."



"I think I see him, fit and snile,
Open me, sweet and fond,
When he observed how quick I could
Or godings strip the pond."

"He said I far excelled himself,
Though he was widely famed,
And by the farmers, far and near,
For many years was blamed."

He died at last, while breaking fast,
 Behind yon rocky hill,
 It makes me sad to think your dad,
 Mistook that awful pill.

May palsy shake the guilty hand,
 That did the dose provide;
 Which turned him almost inside out,
 Ere I could reach his side.

Oh, never touch
 To aught,
 Until its nature,
 You rightly

I've seen more
 Than I can
 Where rash advance,
 Brought sorrow

There's not an
 However
 But suffering crea-
 Regret some

O, child of mine,
 And shun the
 Beware of guns,
 But with in-



your nose, my dear,
 however grand,
 full and clear,
 understand.

trouble in my day
 now explain,
 or games of chance,
 in their train.

hour passes by,
 plans are laid,
 tures, low and high,
 move they've made.

avoid the trap,
 tempting pill;
 that never snap
 tent to kill.

Nor blindly be enticed astray,
 By pleasures sad around;
 To be the sport, if not the prey,
 Of every yelping hound."

"I'll bear your counsel in my mind,"

The baby fox replied;

"And think of thee whene'er I see,
Temptations at my side."

"That's good," the smiling dame remarked,

"Advice is vain indeed,

Unless the soil whereon it falls,
Is mellow for the seed."

"That's fine discourse," the turkey thought,

As there he lay in fear;

"Had I with caution thus been taught,
I hardly would be here.

A fool was I, to sit and doze,

Upon an orchard fence;

Within the reach of every nose

That cared to drag me thence.

But, if from here I ever rise,

Which I will scarcely do;

The chance I'll prize, to be more wise,
And start in life anew.

The tallest post the farm can boast,

Will not my wishes meet;

But, in the tree, each night I'll be,
And there myself secrete.

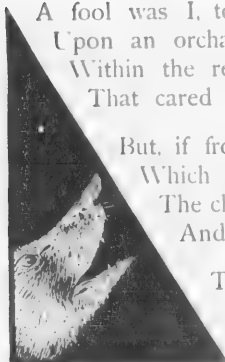
I'll trust to neither kith nor kin,

Nor on the dog rely;

And should I roost upon a spire,

I'll keep one open eye."

Thus, while they moved upon their way,
To gain the forest green,



They reached a place where cedar rails
Were laid along between.
To mount a fence has never been
An easy thing to do,

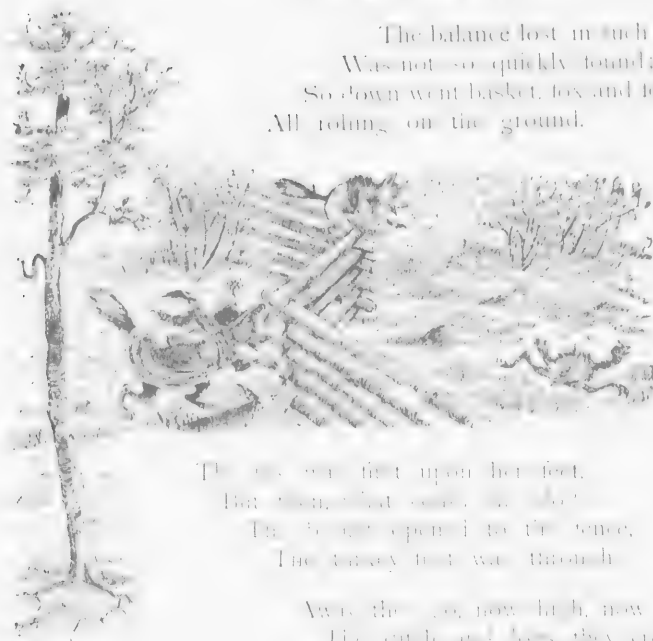


When those who climb convey a load,
That must be rising, too.
But, nothing daunted by the sight,
She, step by step, arose;
At times employing elbow joints,
As well as all her toes.

But as she reached the topmost rail
And panted, her breath to win,
The turkey, taken with a cramp,
Began to lurch within.

The fowl was not arranged with care,
According to its mind;
The head was down, the heels in air,
The tail was left behind.

The balance lost in such a place,
Was not so quickly found;
So down went basket, fox and fowl,
All rolling on the ground.



The fox was first upon her feet,
But soon that sense he lost;
The basket opened to the fence,
The turkey first was through it.

Away the fox, now high, now low,
The catch and toss they cross;
The turkey made a long, proud tail,
But fear made up the loss.

The fox had sprained an ankle-joint
When from the fence she rolled;
And now, although she strained a point,
Against her speed it told.

The highest rail the youngster found
From which the chase to view,



And cried, "Alas! 'tis gaining ground—
I'm dreadful hungry, too."

'Twas heel and toe, and grab and go,
Around the rocks and trees;

And lucky was that fowl to know
His feathers pulled with ease.

Their coming out at "clutches stout"
Still left him free to run;
Had they been rooted fast, no doubt,
His gobbling days were done.

The turkey, when the barn was nigh,
Though out of wind, and weak,
Now summoned all his strength to fly,
And reached the highest peak.

His rise was not
Of birds of
But grace or style
When safety

It bore him from
And from the
And left him look-
Upon his



the graceful flight
eagle breed;
is valued light
lies in speed.

the reaching paw,
shining teeth,
ing down in awe,
foe beneath.

The fox one moment viewed the fowl,
Then turned her from the scene
And never ran so mad a rogue
Through field or forest green.

But never since that time of fear,
At least so runs the tale,
Has man or beast that turkey found
Asleep upon a rail.



